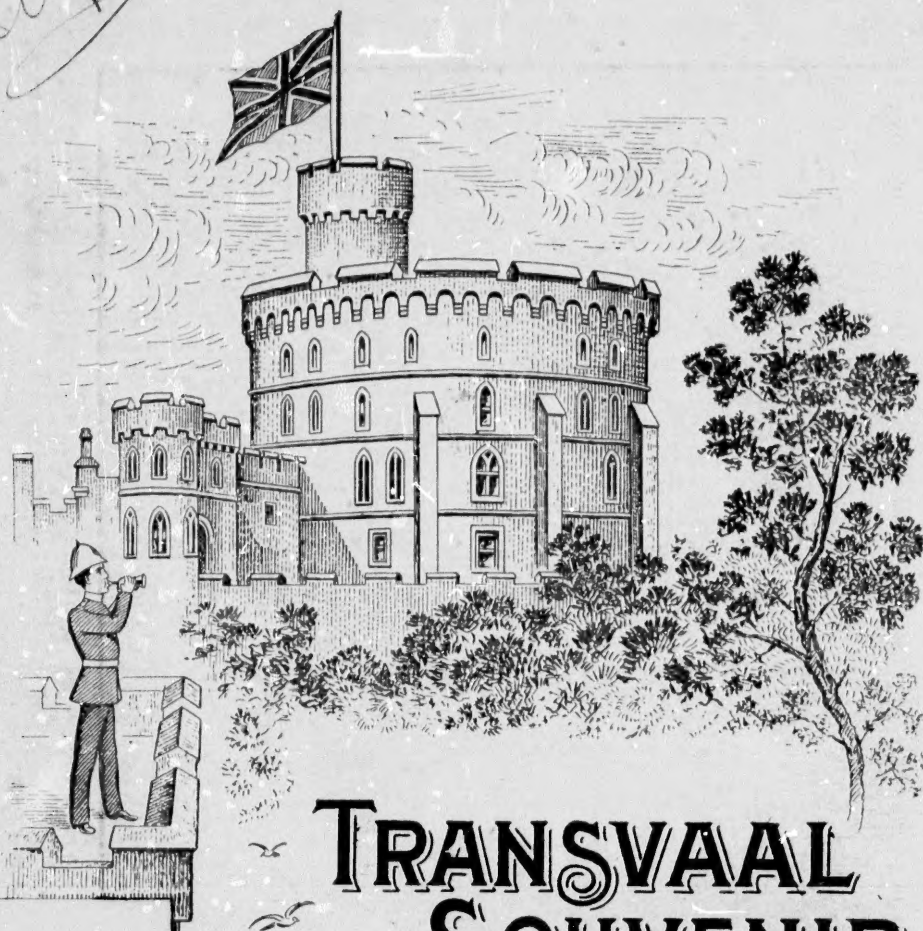


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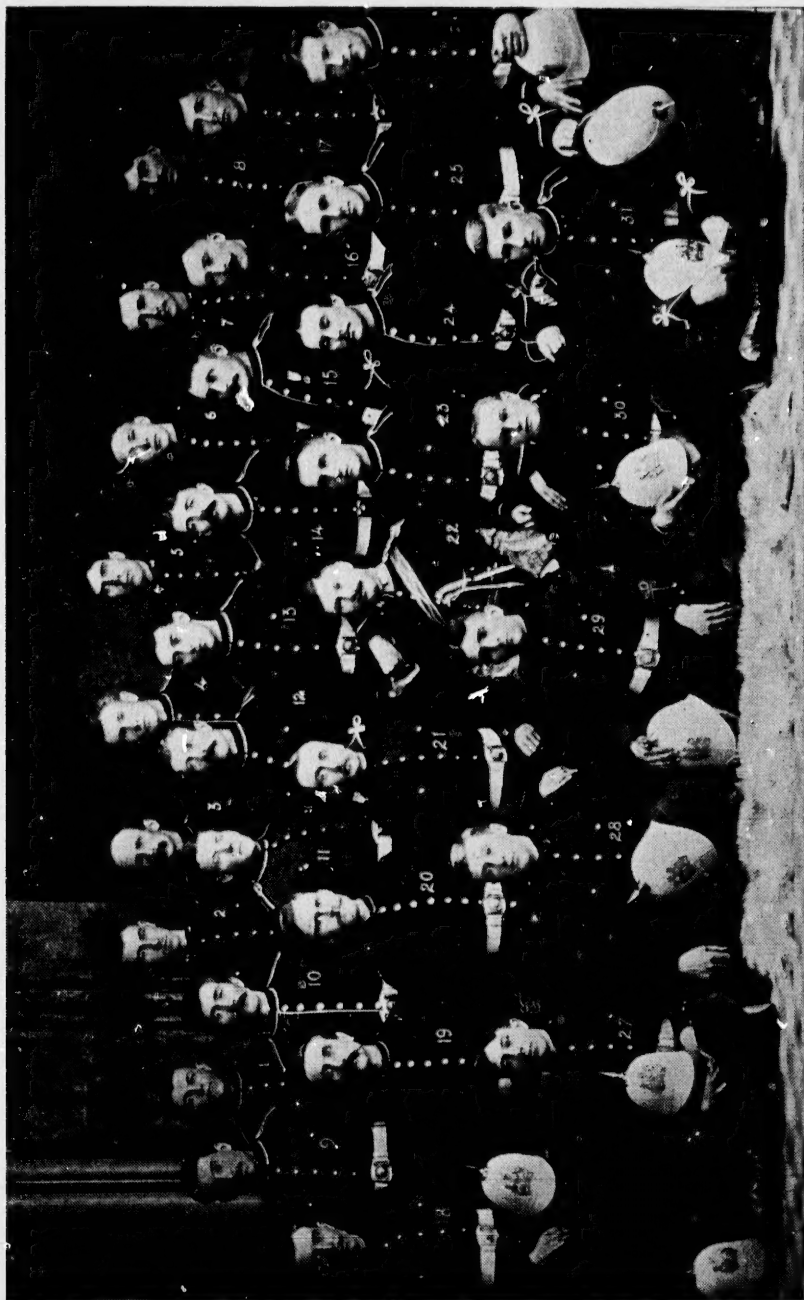


# TRANSVAAL SOUVENIR

A  
819.1  
.B41t  
1899

So runs the blood when danger lowers  
O'er men of British birth  
The bugle call from Windsor's towers  
Is answered round the earth.

A.M. BELDING, ST. JOHN, N.B. CANADA. 1899.



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Photo by WESTLAKE BROS.,  
Charlottetown.

## Prince Edward Island Transvaal Contingent.

(For names see inside back cover.)

A  
819.1  
B41E  
1899

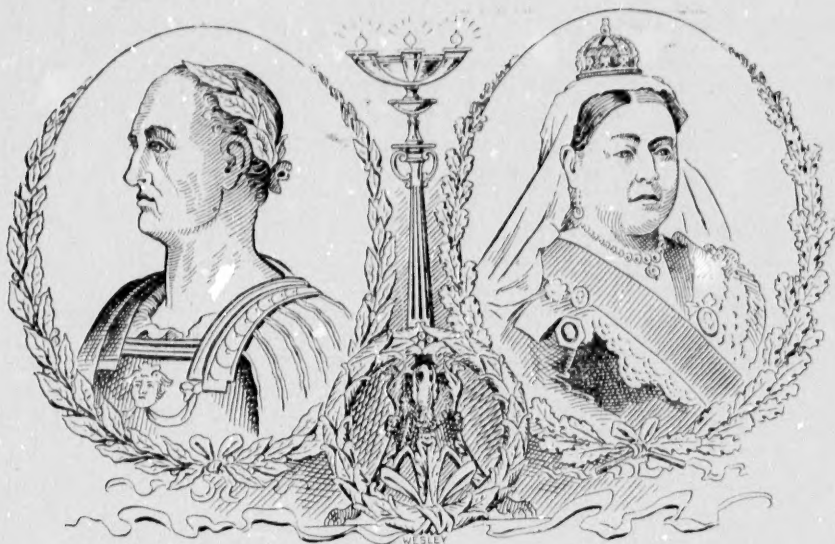


FROM the city of the Loyalists and from the province they founded under the aegis of the flag for which they sacrificed so much, there went out yesterday\* a soldier band. The flag their fathers planted on these shores in years ago is their flag. It beckons them now across the seas, where loyalists on another continent are called to arms in its defence. We give of our best, and they go to fight if need be in the battles of the Empire. Our hearts and hopes go with them, and we are assured that whether in war or peace the honor and traditions of their native land will bravely be upheld.

And so they went—the sons of Greater Britain and soldiers of the Queen. They went, these lads that we have known and loved, with a little sinking of the heart, it may be, at the moment of severing the ties of home and friendship; but animated by the same stern spirit that has tracked the wilderness and bridged the seas, toiling upward through the centuries and outward through the regions of the earth, upbuilding that imperial fabric whose strength is freedom, and into whose texture time for a thousand years has woven the imperishable fibre of a Briton's loyalty.

And so they went—and some at home will count the cost, and some will weep and pray. But over the sea and over the veldt, with these lads that go a-soldiering, will go the message to our kindred that, whether beneath the Southern Cross or beside the northern sea, in the hour of need heart answers heart in Britain's realms throughout the wide, wide world.

\*October 26th, 1899.



IN that far time, when Rome's proud eagle shone  
On Dover's cliffs, two thousand years ago,  
Britannia, roused by Caesar's trumpet blast,  
Flung back the mantle of her savage past ;—  
Embraced her destiny, and evermore,  
In storm or calm, in peace or battle's roar,  
The path of empire trod. The Saxon arm,  
The Norman art, the subtle Celtic charm,  
In age-long strife conjoined, refined, annealed,  
Were hers to mould, were hers in might to wield  
—And ever on, resistless, hold their way  
From yonder dawn to this refulgent day.  
Rome ruled the olden world, but nevermore  
Her golden eagle shines on sea or shore ;  
While she whose slumbering soul great Caesar woke,  
Whose neck was bowed beneath the Roman yoke  
—Britannia—flings her banners to the breeze,  
The proudest earthly realm, the mistress of the seas !





## Imperial Britain.

Age and its wisdom are thine,  
Strength, and the ardor of youth ;  
Stand for a purpose divine  
—Stand for the right and the truth.

Heed not the little men's cry,  
Sever no branch from the tree ;  
Draw ever closer the tie  
Binding thy children to thee.

Better that thou and thine own  
Shoulder to shoulder should stand,  
Justice and freedom enthrone  
Over the sea and the land.

Foremost in grandeur of aim,  
Let thy foundations be sure ;  
Then shall men honor thy name,  
So shall thy glory endure.





## Victorian Jubilee, 1897.

FOREMOST queen in England's annals,  
Crowned with honor as with years !  
Fruitful years of high example,  
In a world too apt with sneers.  
Foremost queen, and yet most queenly  
When the cry of human pain  
Waked an answer, swift and tender,  
From a heart where grief had lain.

Not the homage that the tyrant  
Levies with an iron hand  
Is the tribute of the nation,  
But from every British land,  
Round the world the echoes thrilling,  
Where Britannia's banner flies  
Loyal hearts with love outspoken  
Ring the anthem to the skies.





Fifty years of matchless progress  
In the annals of the race ;  
Growth of freedom and of knowledge,  
Love of truth and deeds of grace.  
Science, piercing realms unmeasured,  
Broadens life from age to age,  
Reads the everlasting purpose  
Writ on Nature's changeful page.

Where but seemed a dull inertness  
Wondrous life and power thrill—  
Mighty forces man, the master,  
Holds in leash to do his will  
Forces that, for good or evil,  
Leap to life at his command,  
Change the world as by enchantment  
In the shadow of his hand.





With the mantle of the fathers  
Falls a higher trust than theirs,  
Richer fields are yet to conquer,  
Mightier deeds for him who dares.  
Let the genius that has moulded  
Britain's empire triumph still,  
More of freedom and of progress,  
Nobler use of mind and will.

Peace—but not the peace of cowards,  
Trembling at the touch of steel;  
Greed and Hate have still a purpose,  
That their smiles but half conceal.  
Holding Britain's past in honor,  
Planning nobler things to be,  
Strong, united, free and fearless,  
So we keep the Jubilee.







**D**RINK to the knights of old!  
 Tales of their might be told,  
 Now as in days of yore;  
 Drink to the sea-dogs grim!  
 Who to the wide world's rim,  
 Dauntless their banners bore.

Heirs of the blood are we,  
 Fearless as they, and free,  
 Ready to right the wrong;  
 Aye—when a tyrant hand  
 Falls on a British land  
 —Ready to strike, and strong!



# Canada.

Thou of the sinewy North,  
Standing alert in the dawn,  
What will thy day issue forth  
Ere it shall fade and be gone?

Aye! thou art stalwart and strong,  
Yet, for the light of thy day,  
Tolstome the labor and long,  
Countless the graves by the way.

Nations whose glory hath fled,  
Empires, now but a name  
Traced in the dust of the dead,  
Once were as proud of their fame.

They in the noon of their pride  
Scaled the lone heights of renown,  
Had their brief hour—and died—  
Reaped not the fields they had sown.

Yet, not in vain was their toil;  
Fruitless no seed hath been sown,  
Pregnant it springs from the soil,  
Ripens and scatters its own.

Thine are the limitless fields,  
Golden with fruitage of time—  
Thine be the wisdom that yields  
Faith for a mission sublime.

Grant, when thy story be told,  
Truly the pen may record,  
Thine was the glory to hold  
Steadfast the trust of the Lord.

## P. E. Island Transvaal Contingent.

*Left Charlottetown for service in South Africa, October 25th, 1899.*

MAJOR W. A. WEEKS,  
Commanding N. B. and P. E. Island Contingent.

REV. THOMAS FRASER FULLERTON,  
Protestant Chaplain of Contingent.

MISS G. POPE,  
Head Nurse with Contingent.

- |                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Herbert H. Brown         | 16. Frederick C. Furze    |
| 2. Hurdie L. McLean         | 17. Nelson Brace          |
| 3. Arthur J. B. Mellish     | 18. James Matheson        |
| 4. Did not go to the front. | 19. Michael J. McCarthy   |
| 5. Lawrence Gaudet          | 20. Joshua T. Leslie      |
| 6. Hedley V. McKinnon       | 21. Richard Joseph Foley  |
| 7. Joseph O'Reilly          | 22. Major W. A. Weeks     |
| 8. J. Edward Small          | 23. Reginald Cox          |
| 9. Frederick Waye           | 24. John Archibald Harris |
| 10. Frederick B. McRae      | 25. Ernest W. Bowness     |
| 11. LeRoy Harris            | 26. Artemas R. Dillon     |
| 12. James S. Walker         | 27. John Boudreau         |
| 13. R. Ernest Lord          | 28. Roland D. Taylor      |
| 14. Lorne Stewart           | 29. Neece Dorion          |
| 15. Thomas Ambrose Rodd     | 30. Alfred Riggs          |
| 31. Walter Lane             |                           |



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